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Poem

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Poem

Abstract

Poem

Deela Khan

.....?

Fellow walker

You talked about the past we had to redeem:
 sparks of memory that had to be caught and bottled
 to stop them from going irretrievably –
 She walked through the doorway of her historical present
 as shrinks, occupational therapists, nurses with
 needles of pain lined the avenue-table.
 Oral and ward round burst their liquid borders.
 She sat stunned on the fire-stool as
 dragons clothed in the images of her friends
 chipped at the stone of her sanity.
 His majesty the Father burned bright
 at the head of the altar.
 His archangel presided over the rites with his trident.
 She who rides the sea

paints the flowers

mends the animals and trees

had to be scanned had to be killed.

They tried

to strip her of every grain of worth
 to arrow her darkness
 to reveal the light at her core
 to sink into her shawls of shadow
 to unleash the primal howl from the
 canyons of her being

The glare was blinding
 the voices droned endlessly on
 to deafen

to mute

to mutilate.

They crucified her to fertilize a
 patch of weeds to decorate the
 sinking halls of learning.
 The walker who once deluded herself into
 finding the lost road
 now builds the highway
 future generations will walk.